

Good Morning 491

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WATCH GRANDPA RING IN VICTORY

VICTORY is a young man's job—the festival of Youth which has carried the burden for five years. But it is an old man's job to ring the victory bells.



HERE'S ALL THE BEST

FIRST things first, A.B. George Bright, so let's leave beer for a moment and hand you the latest picture of your girl friend Elsie Midgley, of Olton Boulevard East, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

She is now very busy, as she has her Higher School Cert., and is teaching in a private school at Yardley. She hopes to go to Birmingham College in another year. Her mother says that every



Love to George, from Elsie.

GOOD DOGGIE

DOGS loaned to the United States Army to chase Japanese in the jungles of the Pacific will be returned to their owners as gentle and kind as the day they left home, reports Reuter.

This is being accomplished by a special school in Honolulu where dogs are taught manners before they return to civilian life. Graduates of this training never mistake the postman for a Japanese sniper.

A.B. George Bright

Sunday Elsie writes you a long letter, but she is not receiving your letters regularly.

Her mother has started teaching music at Wellsbourne School, Acocks Green. Don't forget the matches when you next come home.

The "Good Morning" staff man then called to see your mother, George. She was behind the bar in Spring Road, Tysley, serving out beer with Uncle Ted.

They closed up shop and turned out all the customers so that he could get a picture of them drawing up pints, with Peter the cat on the counter.

You should have seen your mother's face light up when he told her he was from "Good Morning." "Shut up shop," she said. "Give the photographer a pint. This is wonderful!"—and in between photographs she told "Good Morning" a dozen times to send you her very fondest love.

Uncle Ted sends his kind regards, so does Mr. Buckley. Uncle Ted wants to know if you have any gum.

It was Tuesday night, so there was plenty of beer, George. There was no blackout in the shop, and the lamps were alight in Spring Road. Your mother would have shut up shop for the night, she was so interested in talking about you.

A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. Tennyson.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge. Benjamin Disraeli.

That is the best government which desires to make the people happy, and knows how to make them happy. Macaulay.

However, after another pint on you, the customers were allowed back, and maybe they were glad to see the back of our photographer. But he left with an open invitation to the Beer Shop in Spring Road.

Dad is still Plotting, Tel. Bob Sloan

FATHER'S wall war-map wasn't big enough to follow the war through France, Tel. Bob Sloan. On D-Day he pinned up a map of Normandy over the radio set at 5, Willcottdrive, Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale, and prepared to follow the battles ahead with his little flags.

But after a very short time, the flags all wandered over the edges, so back came the old map, which includes Germany and the Mediterranean, and the little Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes are chasing the swastikas about.

Father and mother want you to see a picture of them at home, and father's latest picture as Assistant Chief Warden, also taken by "Good Morning," has been posted to him.

While we're still on civil defence, all the fellows at Messenger Headquarters ask after you when they see father.

The other day I stood in the tower of St. Paul's Cathedral, when fifteen men and one woman rang the bells for liberation. Almost every one of the ringers was grey-headed, and their combined ages totalled more than 1,000 years!

Some of them started ringing church bells half a century ago. "I hope when the lads get back they'll have just one evening a week to spare for this sort of job," one of the bellringers said to me. "Of course, it's hard work—thirsty work. Try a Stedman 'change,' for instance."

"It takes six men to ring up the big tenor bell for the start of the 399 changes of three courses of Stedman Cinques—one of the oldest, most complicated, yet glorious-sounding changes there is. When you've 'rung up,' one strong man can keep it going if there are assistants to help with the end ropes. But it's no job for a weakling."

Ring the victory bells at St. Paul's means "ringing up" the three-ton tenor bell—an effort in itself, apart from the changes. You roll your shirt sleeves up to this sort of work, and there's no need to go to the luxury of a Turkish bath, for very soon the sweat is pouring off your brow.

The men and women who are ringing the victory bells come from every walk of life. They make up some of the strangest fraternities and clubs in Britain. They are all bound together in a "brotherhood of the bells" as members of the Ancient Society of College Youths, founded in 1637.

Of course, there's a special way of pulling the ropes. You stand in the bell-chamber—usually a dark and ill-ventilated chamber, more than half-way up the tower—each man on his own platform, with the right foot placed through an iron hoop to keep him anchored to the ground.

If you didn't release the rope at the correct instant, and if you were not anchored, you might get dragged right up into the rafters and crushed.

The St. Paul's ringers are typical of hundreds of groups all over Britain who will be ringing the victory bells unceasingly now that restrictions are off.



"Gorblimey! So arguing with the sergeant-major would get me nowhere, eh?"



Another bit of news is that Johnny Gage is serving in bike to bits again. The bike, H.M.S. "Cumberland," some-where in your vicinity, and in the same ship is Dr. Decunha from Timperley.

Pa did all the talking during the visit, because mother was frying something with an appetising aroma, and sister Betty was busy assembling instruments at the Record Co. works. We had a look through the old scrap-book while father remembered his years of service with the Marines.

"Best wishes wherever you are" is the message from Sale. "Soon be back dancing at the

"They're waiting for you to come back to Rigby Wainwright's, and there'll be a good job for you," said father before he left to see his wardens. His crowd are only standing by now, and he hasn't so much to do.

What about the girl friend, Bob? We wanted to call on Sylvia at Brooklands, but the folks put us on to Joan at Glebelands Road, so we have postponed our call until the position is clarified. . . . Ain't we tactful!

DAN QUARE tells you about England's Bellringers—The Ancient Society of College Youths

All during the 1940-42 days, when invasion might have been possible, they were unable to ring live changes, but used to practise. In many belfries, spring-loaded or weighted beams were erected, so that ringers could still get the "feel" of a one or two-ton bell when ringing up.

Leader of the St. Paul's ringers is Mr. Herbert Langdon, 63 years old, who with his 70-year-old brother Thomas has been ringing the bells here for over forty years. Herbert is in the shipping business; Thomas is a retired engineer. Another 70-year-old is Henry Miles, a retired London bank clerk.

The others include a head G.P.O. postman, a retired postman, a printer, a house-decorator, a bricklayer, a company director. . . .

The one woman ringer is Mrs. Deal. She always comes officially as a visitor, for women ringers are not "recognised." But her husband is a ringer, and she has been ringing since she was 11 years old! "Ringing fascinated me when a child," she told me, "and the fascination has increased with years."

Her war work is a job in an Army Pay Office, but in the evenings and spare times she comes up to the belfry to practise changes—"as a visitor."

Biggest bell in this collection is "Great Paul," in the southwest tower of the cathedral. It weighs 17½ tons, and in pre-war days, before the fabric was damaged by nearby bomb blast, the great bell used to be rung for five minutes at 1 p.m. every day.

During the peals of victory for the liberation of Paris, London was still under flying-bomb danger. As the ringers would not have heard the warning buzz, with the giant bells buzzing in their ears, a warning lamp was fixed up in the centre of their circle in the belfry.

A switch was to be worked by police down at ground level if there was a warning. There was none.

A similar warning system has now been fitted up in several South-of-England churches where the fabric has been endangered by bomb blast. Experts are to flash the light if the vibration of the bells goes beyond certain limits.

With even seven or eight tons of bells in a normal church swinging into a "Stedman," the vibration is terrific, and the sound-waves build up a resonance that makes the walls shake.

Broadcasting the victory peals has set the B.B.C. some problems. Several famous peals now have microphones near them, encased in rubber bladders as used in footballs! This keeps the microphone dry, but doesn't affect the sound of the chimes.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

KING—by right of the sacred snake

ON reaching our hut I motioned to Infadoos to enter with us.

"It seems to us, Infadoos, that Twala the king is a cruel man."

"It is so, my lords. Alas! the land cries out with his cruelties. To-night ye will see. It is the great witch-hunt, and many will be smelt out as wizards and slain. If the king covets a man's cattle, or a man's life, then Gagool, whom ye saw, will smelt that man out as a wizard, and he will be killed. The land groans at the cruelties of Twala the king; it is wearied of him and his red ways."

"Then why is it, Infadoos, that the people do not cast him down?"

"Nay, my lords, he is the king, and if he were killed Scragga would reign in his place, and the heart of Scragga is blacker than the heart of Twala his father. If Imotu had never been slain, or if Ignosi his son had lived, it had been otherwise; but they are both dead."

"How know you that Ignosi is dead?" said a voice behind us. We looked round with astonishment to see who spoke. It was Umbopa.

QUIZ for today

1. A soffit is a sweetmeat, drink, work-box, panelled ceiling, rabbit trap, part of a harness?
2. What name is given to a group of (a) larks; (b) nightingales?
3. For what boys' names are the following "short"? Pip, Wat, Huggin.
4. What and where are (a) Aran, (b) Arran?
5. What is extracted from haematite?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Positive, Fortitude, Forensic, Parallelogram, Hexagon.

Answers to Quiz in No. 490

1. Young eel.
2. (a) Fesnyng, (b) Skulk.
3. Margaret, Mary, Janet.
4. Snowdon (3,560 feet).
5. Aluminium.
6. Veterinary, Vulnerable.

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 14

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Sun the every the planets once go day round.
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 8/72, 7/56, 3/51, 4/62, 5/83, 6/74.
3. When Bert said "Eton," Harry said "Plough." What word linked these two ideas in Harry's mind?
4. "But, my dear man," said Bill's employer, "either you went somewhere, with or without a reason, or you didn't go at all. Which was it?" Bill replied, "I didn't never not go nowhere, I didn't, not 'aving no reason." Did Bill go, or didn't he? And if he did, had he a reason?

(Answers in No. 492.)

Answers to Test No. 13.

1. Both are light brown, natural products, good to eat; both have shells and inner skins, and contain fats, carbohydrates, proteins and the germs of life.
2. Tall could not apply to liquids; others could.
3. 5.
4. Because a night-watchman has no business to be asleep at nights.

"What meanest thou, boy?" asked Infadoos; "who told thee to speak?"

"Listen, Infadoos," was the answer, "and I will tell thee a story. Years ago the King Imotu was killed in this country, and his wife fled with the boy Ignosi. Is it not so?"

"It is so."

"It was said that the woman and the boy died upon the mountains. Is it not so?"

"It is even so."

"Well, it came to pass that the mother and the boy Ignosi did not die. They crossed the mountains, and were led by a tribe of wandering desert men across the sands beyond, till at last they came to water and grass and trees again. They tarried many years, till at length the mother died. Then the son Ignosi again became a wanderer. For many years he lived and waited, and at last the time came, and he met some white men who would seek this unknown land, and joined himself to them. The white men started, seeking for one who is lost. They crossed the burning desert, they crossed the snow-clad mountains, and reached the land of the Kukuanas, and there they met thee, O Infadoos."

"Surely thou art mad to talk thus," said the astonished old soldier.

"Thou thinkest so; see, I will show thee, O my uncle."

"I am Ignosi, rightful king of the Kukuanas!"

Then with a single movement he slipped off the "moocha" or girdle round his middle and stood naked before us.

"Look," he said; "what is this?" and he pointed to the mark of a great snake tattooed in blue round his middle, its tail disappearing in its open mouth just above where the thighs are set into the body.

Infadoos looked, his eyes starting nearly out of his head, and then fell upon his knees.

"Koom! Koom!" he ejaculated; "it is my brother's son; it is the king."

"Did I not tell thee so, my uncle? Rise; I am not yet the king, but with thy help, and with the help of these brave white men, who are my friends, I shall be. And now, Infadoos, choose thou. Wilt thou put thy hands between my hands and be my man? Wilt thou share the dangers that lie before me, and help me to overthrow this tyrant and murderer?"

The old man put his hand to his head and thought. Then he rose, and advancing to where Umbopa, or rather Ignosi, stood, knelt before him and took his hand.

"Ignosi, rightful king of the Kukuanas, I put my hand between thy hands, and am thy man till death."

"It is well, Infadoos; if I conquer, thou shalt be the greatest man in the kingdom after the king. If I fail, thou canst only die, and death is not far off for thee."

"And ye, white men, will ye help me? What have I to offer you! The white stones, if I conquer and can find them, ye shall have as many as ye can carry hence. Will that suffice you?"

I translated this remark.

"Tell him," answered Sir Henry, "that he mistakes an Englishman. Wealth is good, and if it comes our way we will take it; but a gentleman does not sell himself for wealth. But, speaking for myself, I say this. I have always liked Umbopa, and so far as lies in me will stand by him in this business. What do you say, Good, and you, Quatermain?"

"Well," said Good, "you can

tell him that so far as I am concerned I'm his boy."

I translated these answers.

"It is well, my friends," said Ignosi, late Umbopa; "and what sayest thou, Macumazahn, art thou too with me, old hunter, cleverer than a wounded buffalo?"

I thought awhile and scratched my head.

"Now for business," I put in, anxious to escape from a painful subject. "It is very well to be a king by right divine, Ignosi, but how dost thou propose to become a king indeed?"

"Nay, I know not. Infadoos, hast thou a plan?"

"Ignosi, son of the lightning," answered his uncle, "I will speak



"Really, Mr. Ponkinhorn! What do you expect to gain by all this—?"

"Umbopa, or Ignosi," I said, to some of the great chiefs, who in I don't like revolutions, but turn, if I can win them over, shall I stick to my friends, Ignosi. You speak to their regiments. I shall have stuck to us and I will stick bring them to see that thou art to you. But mind you, I am a indeed the king, and I think that trader, and have to make my living, by to-morrow's light thou shalt so I accept your offer about those have twenty thousand spears at diamonds. Another thing: we thy command."

At this moment our conference was interrupted by the cry that messengers had come from the king. Three men entered, each bearing a shining shirt of chain armour, and a magnificent battle-axe.

"The gifts of my lord the king to the white men from the stars," exclaimed a herald who came with them.

"We thank the king," I answered; "withdraw."

The men went, and we examined the armour with great interest. It was the most beautiful chain work we had ever seen.

The rest of the day we spent resting and talking over the situation, which was sufficiently exciting. Infadoos arrived, clad in full war dress, and accompanied by a

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

guard of twenty men to escort "Greeting, white lords," he us to the dance. We had already, cried, as we came up; "be as he recommended, donned the seated, waste not the precious shirts of chain armour which the time—the night is all too short king had sent us, putting them on for the deeds that must be done. under our ordinary clothing. Then Look round, white lords; look strapping our revolvers round our round," and he rolled his one waists, and taking the battle-axes which the king had sent, we wicked eye from regiment to regiment. "Can the stars show you such a sight as this? See how they shake in their wickedness, all those who have evil in their hearts and fear the judgment of Heaven above."

"Begin! begin!" cried out Gagool in her thin piercing voice; "the hyaenas are hungry, they howl for food."

(To be continued)

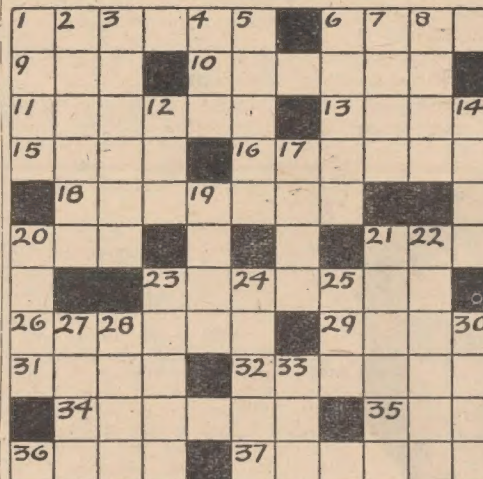
WANGLING WORDS—430

1. Insert five consonants in: *E*E*E* and make a common word.
2. Rearrange the letters of MEN AT ARMS and get their weapons.
3. In the following three aircraft the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 152946S, 348294L, 35668C724.
4. Find the two vessels hidden in: Let's go to the Regal; Leon Feuchtwanger is playing there, and I'll ask if four seats are available.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 429

1. ABSTEMIOUS.
2. DIABOLO, SKIPPING, HOP-SCOTCH.
3. Lancaster, Liberator, Dornier, Anson.
4. Major, D-rum-mer.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

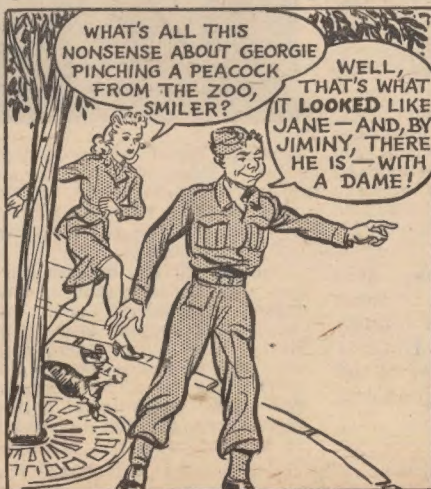
- 1 Harm.
- 6 Young animal.
- 9 Number.
- 10 Emit in vapour.
- 11 Zealous.
- 13 Whittle.
- 15 Maiden.
- 16 Apple.
- 18 Cloth edge.
- 20 Gull.
- 21 Tin.
- 23 Sportsmen.
- 26 Road.
- 29 Empty spaces.
- 31 Sop.
- 32 Sarcastic.
- 34 Black alloy.
- 35 Space of time.
- 36 Glass.
- 37 Loving.

ROCK GOLFER
ABEAM WEAVE
VENT ENAMEL
ESTEEM DENY
LEA RUSE T
S LOG ARC S
M WORN RAP
COOL ADDUCE
HOMILY RITE
ANISE BASED
PYTHON BEDS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Deer.
- 2 Light red.
- 3 Boy's name.
- 4 Bird.
- 5 Addition.
- 6 Slight mistake.
- 7 Unfortunately.
- 8 Lake.
- 12 Measure.
- 14 Name of jacket.
- 17 Ill-favoured.
- 19 Rodent.
- 20 Skip.
- 21 Stretched.
- 22 Reach high.
- 23 Dogs.
- 24 Unevel.
- 25 Self.
- 27 Harmonise.
- 28 Precipitation.
- 30 Cicatrice.
- 33 Eggs.

JANE



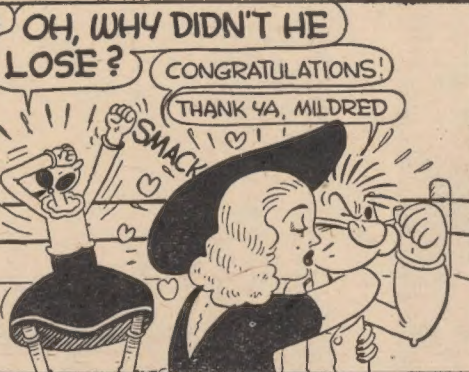
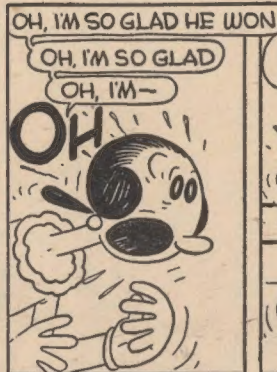
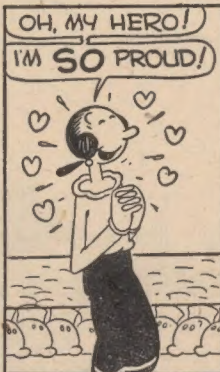
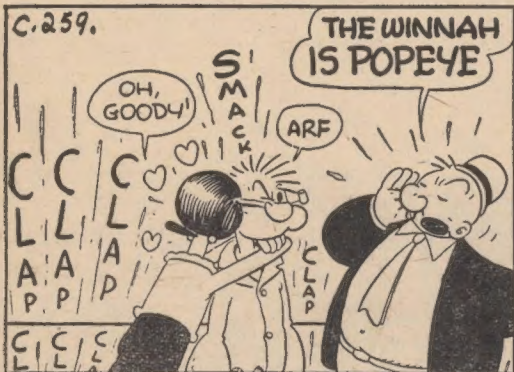
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



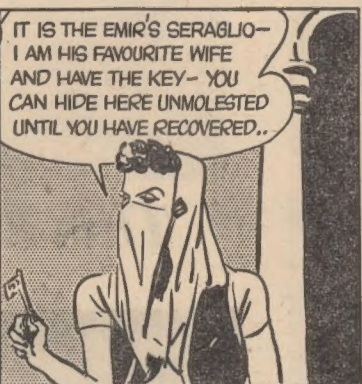
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Drop a Postcard

Says RONALD GARTH

JUST 75 years ago a Viennese colour-printer named Herrmann wanted a fresh market for his wares, so he invented the world's first picture postcard.

He didn't guess that within twelve months the novelty would have spread to every other country in Europe and boom until, in Great Britain alone, 700,000,000 postcards were being delivered every year.

Poor Mr. Herrmann was so slow, in fact, that his competitors soon put him out of business.

The postal authorities didn't at first quite know what to make of postcards. One microscopic writer squeezed a bumper letter of 15,000 words long—a fourth of a detective novel—on to a p.c. Originally, the number of permissible words, including a signature and address, was limited to twenty.

People used to collect postcards, and stowed them away in albums. Many are still collectors' items, especially complete series of Edwardian musical comedy queens. One man once papered his house with postcards of Marie Studholme, of Gaiety fame.

An astute bargain-hunter afterwards bought the house and made £200 by selling the cards, for they were a world rarity—a complete Marie Studholme set.

Most expensive of all cards were made to the order of an Indian prince, and gave artists of his state six months' work.

Forty elephants were killed before tusks of exactly the right quality for the thin ivory card were obtained, yet some of these extravagant cards have since changed hands for a few shillings.

You have seen those seaside cards that depict fat old ladies in vivid red bathing costumes? Many were designed by Jerry Wilson. He sold his comic sketches to postcard manufacturers on a royalty basis, and died worth £10,000.

Another lucrative branch of the trade deals merely in postcards as curios. Not a few globe-trotters have walked their way round the world merely by selling signed picture-postcards of themselves.

Museums have made profits from postcards of their treasures ever since the idea was first launched at the British Museum.

In England the first postcards cost a shilling, and are worth £50 to £60 to-day. But where do all the postcards go? Anyway, picture-postcard manufacture has been banned in Britain for the past three or four years.

THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

About twenty-five years ago there was a "mystery house" in Rotherhithe, rapidly growing more and more deserted. No one could remember who used to live in it. It had been empty for at least twelve years, getting more and more dilapidated. Then the acute need for accommodation led the local authority to see if it could not be repaired and brought back into use. They felt the owner would turn up.

Workmen engaged in the repairs got a shock. Neatly carved out of the chimney was a cavity, and in it the body of a child! The body was past identifying, nor was the mystery of how it got there ever solved. It could only be guessed that some tragedy had overtaken the occupants, who had buried the child and fled, leaving no trace. This house, like most abandoned houses, was supposed to be haunted, and the neighbours claimed that after the child was properly buried they were not again troubled by strange noises from next door.

Alex Cracks

First Little Girl: "Does your dolly say 'Mamma' when you squeeze her?"

Second Little Girl: "No, that's old-fashioned. She says 'Oh, boy!'"

Tourist: "Do they hang men very often round here?"

Dead Man's Gulcher: "Nope, only once."

Bill: "Five thousand seals were used to make fur coats last year."

Jill: "Amazing how they train animals for such work."

"With the money I made to-day I shall be able to retire."

"What? On those few shillings?"

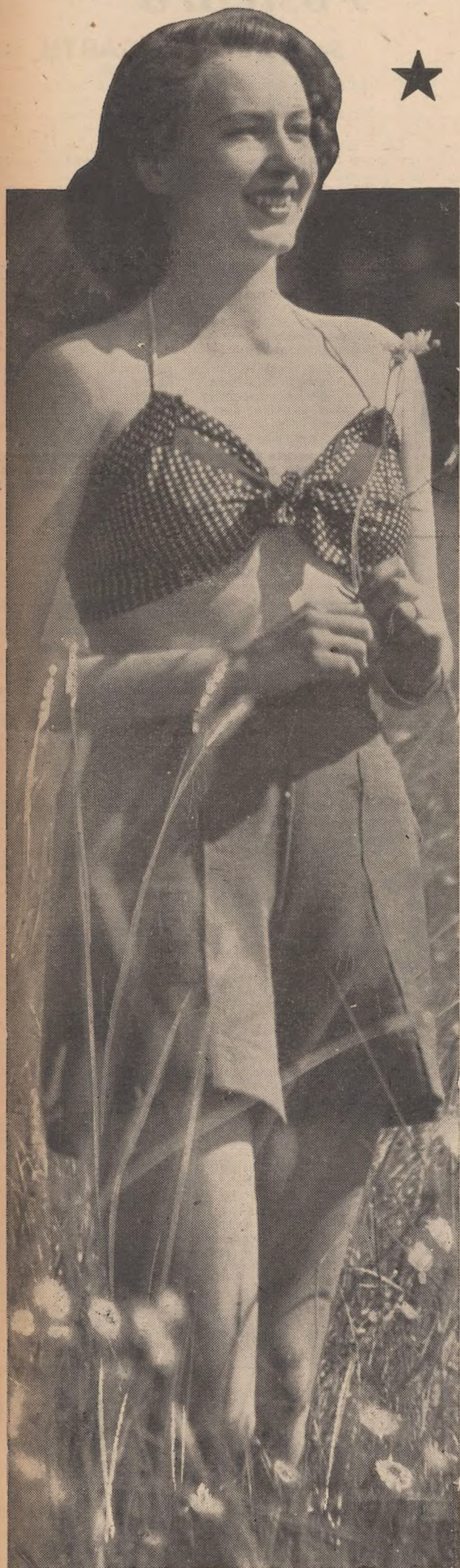
"Yes! They pay the instalment on my bed."

Violet: "What a lovely new necklace! How much did it cost?"

Vera: "Three fits of hysteria."

Good Morning

DOG (house) WATCH!



" COOM BUTTERCUPS,
COOM DAISIES,
COOM TULIPS "

We just know she's a lassie from Lancashire. How? On account of we've known her since she was in short pants—and our own breath used to come the same way!



" Say, fellow. You been got in dat dog-house again? Oh, my! Yore Mammy ain't go'n sing 'Mighty Lak a Rose' thissem."

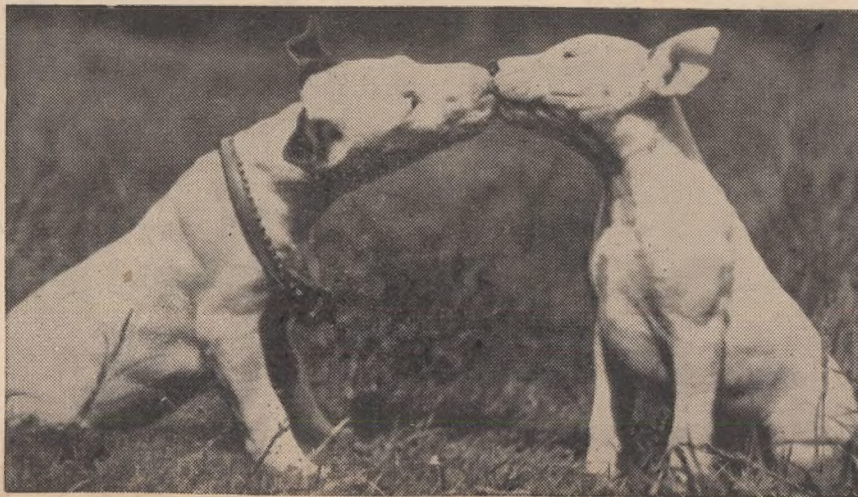


She's sure clapped a wicked-looking head scissors on him this time. Takes a powerful good wrassler to break that hold.



This England

Fishing trawlers hauled high on to the mud, the nets drying in the sun. This is a scene that has repeated itself at Brixham, South Devon, through the generations.



PUPPY LOVE

Scorning all personal risk, we snapped this rare and idyllic scene: two bull terriers in an interval between scrapping.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

" The big cissies! "

